

A Wonderful new Prophecy :

Giving a certain and true Account

When the CHURCH ILLS will be Great again.

To a Tune and a Ditty,
To be sung or be said,
Or occasionally play'd,
On Haut-Boys thro' the City.

WP21 340/9

Written by an Acquaintance of Dr. Cains.

1.
WHEN the best of all Queens that e're fill'd
(a Throne,
Lets the Whigs fix how much of her Pow'r's her own,
O then the Church Ills will be all great again.
O then, &c.

2.
When seven and five dare limit the Crown,
And declaim the best part of obedience down,
O then, &c.

3.
When the Ministry wink at the Wrongs of the Church
And on all occasions leave her in the Lurch.
O then, &c.

4.
When Whigs have such Pow'r that e'ry vile Tool,
Dares turn our learn'd Clergy into Ridicule.
O then &c.

5.
When the Q- n and her C- l what to do must be told,
By the Medley Jack Pudding, so sawey and bold.
O then &c.

6.
Directing what steps they must take and how far,
They may venture on putting an end to the War.
O then &c.

7.
When the V Whigs who so often have made Britain
(ring,
V With outcries of Conscience, yet Mufdred their King.
O then, &c.

8.
Like the Pipe of the Fowler, which plays a sweet strain,
Till the Bird is enlar'd can deceive us again.
O then &c.

9.
V When he that has rescu'd from plunder the Nation,
Must Daily be stab'd in his Administration.
O then, &c.

10.
And is void of a Friend, and a Pen to defend him,
Or did not kind Heaven and Virtue befriend him.
O then, &c.

11.
When the best of all Queens that e're rul'd a State,
Grows daily more Happy, Triumphant and Great;
O then the State Ills will soon be quite undone;
O then, &c.

12.
When o'er Chancery such a Lord Keeper is seen,
Whose like for bright Equity never has been.
O then, &c.

13.
Not a Cause but by him is dispatcht. At his Call
How Honesty Triumphs in Westminster-Hall.
O then, &c.

14.
Hark! how Oxford goes on, with a Conduct surprising!
His Soul is unmov'd, and our Credit arising.
O now, &c.

15.
Mark how all the Whigs stab at him in vain;
But who can hurt Glory unbiass'd by Gain?
And now, &c.

16.
This Treasurers Conduct his Foes does confound,
While the Clouds of Whig Malice fall down to the
[Ground.
And now, &c.

17.
Did we, like old Lewis (while young) make Campaigns,
Ten Millions would purchase us twenty Bouchains;
And then, &c.

18.
O let not a T—T— fear a Governour's Ghost,
Nor Dunkirk be spar'd, for a plague to our Coast;
And then, &c.

19.
O may our rich G—l be as generous as great,
And when he shall die, leave his Wealth to the State;
O then, &c.

20.
And in the mean while at Bl—h—m be blest
In his Country's kind Bosom, with Glory and rest.
O then the State Ills will be all quite undone;
O then, &c.

A M E N.

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